ECSTACY.

I cannot sing to thee as I would sing
If I were quickened like the holy lark,
When fire from heaven and sunlight on his wing,
Who wakes the world with witcheries of the dark
Renewed in rapture in the reddening air,
A thing of splendor do I deem him then,
A feathered frenzy with an angel's throat,
A something sweet that somewhere seems to float
'Twixt earth and sky, to be a sign to men.
He fills me with such wonder and despair!
I long to kiss the locks so golden bright,
As he doth kiss the tresses of the sun.
O! bid me to sing to thee, my chosen one,
And do thou teach me, Love, to sing aright!
—Eric Mackay.

YOUNG LORING'S FEAT.

It was just sunset when suddenly around the bend on the Ocklawaha appeared a dugout paddled by two stalwart fellows in a sort of homespun uniform, while a boy dressed as officer sat in the stern. Five minutes before the crocodiles and cranes, water turkeys, bitterns and herons had the black, oozy river all to themselves as it sluggishly made its way through the swampy palmettos and cypress.

The boat bumped along slowly, striking against cypress trees and fallen tree trunks. The paddlers looked anxious, for the chance of finding a comfortable camping ground was growing slighter before young Will Loring began to be sick of his escapade. He had left camp to miles away without orders and taken two of his company with him to do Indian scouting on his own account.

Little more than a year before he had been a schoolboy, playing soldier in the streets of St. Augustine with other youngsters. When the Seminole war of 1835 broke out, sweeping with a wave of fire and massacre across the state, he ran away from home and joined a company of volunteers. His daring and coolness at the battles of the Withlacooche and Alaqua, in connection with the social importance of his family, had given him his epaulettes at an age when other boys of the same years were still in terror of the schoolmaster's birch.

"Keep on paddling," said young Loring in low tones, but with an air of sternness which did not set well on his smooth face and mischievous black eyes, "and wait my orders." Then feeling that he had asserted his authority, he continued with a burst of boyish confidence: "I tell you what it is, Scraggs, we'll have to get back to that hummock about a mile up the river, where we can find pine knots to cook supper, dont you think so?"

"Bless you lieutenant, d'ye hanker to lose yer skelp? No supper to-night, but a drink of swamp water and a chew of raw bacon. I'll bet there's a hundred of red varmints in two miles on us."

"You're not afraid, Scraggs, are you?" said the youngster with a lordly air. "A fellow who can bore a potato tossed in the air at a hundred yards with a rifle ball ought to have plenty of spunk."

The boyish officer, in spite of his airs, was evidently uneasy, for his eyes shot continual glances ahead and on both sides into the swamp, as the dug-out glided at a snail's pace. They were nearing another bend in the stream, when through the tangle of leaf and vine there was a red gleam like a huge firefly. Without waiting orders, Scraggs whirled the boat back with a powerful paddle and turned to his officer with eyes almost starting from their sockets, shaking his head in warning.

"Injuns, Injuns, Lieutenant Will, a dozen on 'em," he whispered. "I see the hind ends of two canoes jiss roun' the bend. Thar must be a hummock whar they're camped. They're jiss got through eatin', an' are stampin' out the embers. Sh—, don't speak. I'll work the old scow deep into the cypress. We'll see what tricks they're up to, seein' we're hyar and can't get away very easy. But, by Jimmy, my skelp kinder crawls as if 'twould not be thar to-morrow mornin'.

Young Loring nodded, and the paddlers cautiously forced the boat fifty feet through the mouth of a black arch into the heart of the swamp. Hidden there they were nearer the savages than before and could hear their movements.

It soon became clear that the party of Seminoles had no purpose of leaving their camp that night and no suspicion of white men close at hand. One by one they dropped asleep, and their slumber chorus which sounded not unlike the grunting of the alligators in the swamp, was music to the prisoners, squatted in their gloomy covert.

Three hours had passed, and the growing light that silvered the lagoon outside of their retreat proved the moon well up over the tops of the trees. "Now is our time," whispered Scraggs, "to get outer this hole and paddle up stream for a safe landing place and vamose back to camp."

Lieutenant Loring answered not a word. His boyish mind was deep in thought—a daring thought which thrilled him with excitement.

"Are ye asleep?" whispered Scraggs again.

"No," was the reply; "I am going to take those redskins back to camp with me. So, Scraggs, you two can just tie your hair on, for it will soon be in peril."

The men jumped as if they heard the whizz of Seminole lead.

"You see it would be a shame to sneak back empty handed. We can't exactly take their scalps, but we can take themselves as a present to the general," said the ingenious youth. "The Indians are fast asleep. We'll paddle up and take their canoes. Then I'll land on the hummuck, you know, and pick up their rifles. Then in the morning we can order them to surrender on peril of being shot down, for we shall have loaded guns and they'll have none."

The dug-out left its covert and glided silent as a shadow into the open stream. A few strokes brought them in full sight of the Indian camp. The island where the savages lay was well shadowed by the trees, but their forms could be dimly seen stretched on the earth. Silently the little party detached the two canoes and towed them to a secure position, where they fastened them to a cypress tree fifty yards from shore.

As the boat approached the shore on its second more dangerous mission, young Loring slipped off his boots and stepped into the ooze, regardless of moccasins and rattlers. Scraggs and his comrade, covering the advance with leveled guns, felt their stout hearts quake as their boy leader crept in among those sleeping figures of bronze.

Had the Indians disposed of their guns as the whites do, by stacking or resting them against a tree, the task of securing them would have been less risky. But they had kept their arms within reach, and some even had their tomahawks loosened from the belt, as if for instant use. The Indian rarely sets a guard at night, unless in the immediate presence of an enemy. Here in the depth of a great cypress swamp, impassable to troops, a surprise would seem impossible. Yet even now the cunning and suspicion of the race had not forsaken them.

The nerves of the young officer were strung to the highest tension. One by one he stealthily lifted the rifles from the earth till he had what he could carry. These he bore to the low bank and passed to the men on guard in the dug-out. No word was exchanged. Again he returned to the dangerous sleepers, a distance of 100 feet from the shore, for a second load. A brawny savage tossing in his dreams gave a fierce grunt and threw out a hand, which touched the young thief's ankle as if to clutch it. The movement thrilled him with all the agony of discovery, but he stood stock still waiting for something further. It was a false alarm, but cold sweat poured from his face. Another of the savages had his hand on the stock of his gun and the piece had to be gently slid from under his fingers.

Again, the third time he went back to complete the work. The moon was now high up in the sky and poured a flood of light on the little island. The recumbent Indians were cut out like monstrous silhouettes against the ground. The boy's swimming head warned him that his strength couldn't last much longer. But he resolutely went at his task, though his throat felt as if squeezed by an iron grip. He had gathered his last armful when one of the red men in his dreams raised himself on his haunches and sat with his chin resting on his knees. The moonshine flickered on his face through the quivering foliage, and his sunken eyes appeared half open and following his white enemy.

At last the work was done. The ten minutes had seemed a year. The lad staggered to the boat, shaking as if with an ague. "I must speak," he panted, "or I shall yell. I thought twice I'd have to whoop or go into a faint. But Scraggs, I pulled through, didn't I? Help me in."

"Wall! You've got the guns, shore," said Scraggs, "and drat my skin if the biggest bully in Jessup's [illegible] me it. Ive heerd [illegible] your breed wa'nt [illegible] devil!"

No time had been lost while Scraggs was relieving his mind; the dugout was skimming out into the stream with lively paddle strokes. The plan was boldly executed in the morning. With the coming of light, the Seminoles discovered the robbery of their weapons and rushed to the edge of the swamp with frantic yells, brandishing their tomahawks. But the marauders were far beyond the throw of axe or knife, and sat with leveled rifles.

Then came a shrill, treble voice, demanding in Spanish the instant surrender of the little Seminole band, for at that time nearly every one in Florida—Indian, negro and white—knew something of this language. After considerable parley the red men agreed to throw their knives and tomahawks into the marsh. They were taken aboard in pairs and their wrists tightly fastened together with stout strips of Scragg's homespun shirt. The dug-out towed the canoes up stream, while the young officer sat in the stern and guarded the captives with loaded pistols.

So the daredevil returned to camp the same afternoon, and instead of a rowing he was covered with praise and honor by General Jessup and his little army.

This boy afterward became a distinguished general—Major General William W. Loring—who led armies in the far distant East as pasha in the service of the Egyptian Khedive, as well as in this country. But in his long career he never did anything more daring and heroic than the feat planned and executed by the boy of fifteen, the substantial facts of which were told by the general himself.—Atlanta Constitution.

Growing Boys and Girls.

The year of greatest growth in boys is the seventeenth; in girls, the fourteenth. While girls reach full height in their fifteenth year they acquire full weight at the age of twenty. Boys are stronger than girls from birth to the eleventh year; then girls become superior physically to the seventeenth year, when the tables are again turned and remain so. From November to April children grow very little, and gain no weight; from April to July they gain in height, but lose in weight, and from July to November they increase greatly in weight, but not in height.

He Might Even Swoon Away.

Jones—You may say what you please, but this country has never produced a greater man than George Washington.

Smith—Don't talk so loud. There is a little dude sitting right behind us, and it might hurt his feelings to hear you talk that way.—Texas Siftings.

A LEARNED PIG.

How Tanti, the Clown, Succumbed to Temptation.

About eleven years ago a famous hog of almost superporcine intelligence was attached to the Imperial Circus at St. Petersburg, where it basked in the sunshine of fashionable favor throughout two gay winter seasons. The sagacious creature, at once a ready reckoner, fortune-teller and deft executioner of card tricks, was the property of one Tanti, a famous Italian clown, who had brought it up from infancy and taught it all its various accomplishments.

One night he and his pig were bidden to a gathering of young officers of the Russian guard, supping together after the performance, and were called upon to repeat the programme of the evening—of course, on payment of a handsome fee. At the conclusion of the show one of the officers offered Tanti 1,000 rubles for his pig. The clown declined to sell, pointing out that the docile and clever animal constituted his chief source of income, and that, moreover, he was far too fond of it to part from it. Upon this the officers proceeded to tempt him by outbidding one another, until they ran the price of the learned pig up to 6,000 rubles.

This sum, the equivalent of over £700, and the reflection that he could probably train another pig to replace the one thus exhorbitantly valued, finally induced Tanti to accept the offer, little thinking to what a dismal fate he thereby consigned his pet. Next day the luckless animal was slaughtered by order of its purchaser and sent to the clown's lodging, with a message to the effect that "no doubt Signor Tanti would like to taste a porker which had been so profitable to him in life and death alike."

The whole grim story, equally discreditable to all concerned in it, got wind in St. Petersburg and made a painful impression upon Russian society. A severe reprimand was administered to the officer whose cruel freak had caused the death of a public favorite, and Tanti's popularity sensibly declined. Oddly enough, a few weeks later he was fired at while cutting capers in the ring by an eccentric Polish nobleman, whose bullet just missed the clown, burying itself in the sawdust at his feet, and causing him such affright that he fled from the circus like one demented.

When interrogated as to the motive of his conduct the Sarmatian magnate—a well-known sportsman and patron of the circus—calmly replied that, "having been much diverted by the clown's feats, he had felt himself bound to fire a salute in Tanti's honor." Shortly afterward the recipient of this strange compliment quitted Russia for "other climes."

MADE A FIZZING COMBINE.

A Drummer Out-Yarned by an Old Man Who Had Been West.

The drummer had finished telling the Press man a remarkable story, when an old man who had been listening quietly, squared his chair around and put in.

"That yarn of yours don't surprise me a bit," he said earnestly. "I used to live in the West myself and had some strange experiences in the mountains."

"As to how?" inquired the drummer, with some show of resentment.

"Well, in every way. I was a cowboy and miner and a stage driver and merchant and a little of everything, but the oddest thing that ever happened to me and knocked my chances of becoming a millionaire silly took place in a wild valley about a hundred miles from Denver. I had gone there with my partner prospecting, and one day in digging around sort of promiscuously we struck a vein of pure soda, white as snow and beautiful to look at. We drove a shaft in it to a depth of one hundred feet and found that there was enough in it to make us rich, so we went back to Denver and brought out some capitalists, and they were eager to buy it on the spot. While the dicker was on, and just before we had agreed upon a price, a couple of fellows found a sour-tasting spring about a hundred feet up the hill, and they began to drill a hole to see what it was. They found out mighty quick, too, for they found a vein of vinegar in about twenty feet, and a big three-inch stream came out with a rush that they couldn't check, and before anybody had any time to do anything it had swooped down the narrow gorge and was running head on into our soda well."

The old man stopped, and the drummer asked what difference that made.

"Never saw an alkali and acid combine, I reckon, did you?" exclaimed the old man. "I never saw the genuine thing myself until that day, and we all saw it then, when from the mouth of that shaft there heaved up fully fifty feet into the air a six-foot square column of sizz and lather and foam till you couldn't see anything else in the gorge. We couldn't stop the vinegar and for a month she sizzed away, and there wasn't enough soda left in the pocket to tone up a biscuit with."

Then the old man with a solemn look at the drummer, got up and went off to bed.

Should Like to Establish a Precedent.

He—Won't you let me have a kiss—now that I am going away for a day?

She—If you can give any good reason why I should, I might think about it—possibly.

He—I should like to establish a precedent—Life.

Second Nature to Him.

Cop—I understand that the new conductor has been discharged?

Driver—Yes. You see he used to be an auctioneer, and he couldn't resist the temptation to knock down.—N. Y. Sun.

A MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

A NEW YORK TRAGEDY OF TWENTY YEARS AGO.

How a Beautiful Young Woman Was Murdered in Her Room—No Reason for the Crime and the Case Still a Mystery.

On the morning of July 23, 1870, I was sent to the house of Mrs. Rector, No. —— West Twenty-third street, writes a detective in the New York Advertiser. She was a respectable and, indeed, quite a refined lady, who had met with reverses, and now took in a few boarders as a means of earning a livelihood and educating a son, the only heritage her husband had left her upon his death.

I found Mrs. Rector in hysterics. A lady who had boarded with her for several months was found dead in her bed a few hours before, and indications pointed to suicide. Mrs. Rector, with excusable anguish, was bewailing the fact that a suicide should be committed in her house, and, more with the idea of quieting her than anything else, I told her that possibly it wasn't a suicide. For answer she pointed to a note on the dresser which read:

"Dear Mrs. Rector: If I am found dead in the morning please notify my mother at No. — —— street, Philadelphia, Pa. Very sincerely, FLORENCE DUNSTAN."

The room was just as it had been found that morning, and before moving a thing I sent for a physician who was a personal friend of mine, while I very carefully noted the room and its contents.

The room was a little hall room with two doors and one window. One door opened into the hall and the other into an adjoining bedroom, occupied by a dry-goods clerk, his wife and two children. The latter door was always locked and the occupants of the adjoining room had their washstand against it, while on Miss Dunstan's side, the head of the bed itself was against it. The other door was her exit and entrance. The window being in front of the house opened on Twenty-third street. The room was on the third story.

The young lady lay upon the bed with the covers thrown back. Her elegant gown was slightly disarranged. When the doctor came he made an examination of the heart and chest, and in throwing back the gown from her breast disclosed a tiny drop of blood just over the heart.

"It is not a suicide," said he presently. "She has been murdered by some one who has driven into her heart a long needle-like substance of some kind and caught the blood as it came out drop by drop in a handkerchief or something of the sort." Continuing he showed by her wrists how her hands had been tied with her handkerchief, which was on the dresser. And smoothing out her neck he brought to light a fine wire, which had been wound tightly around her throat and the ends twisted together and then cut, leaving it so tight that it would have extinguished life without the heart thrust, and yet it was hidden by the folds of the skin.

Of course, after this any idea of suicide was absurd, and the certainty of murder became apparent to every one when a steel knitting needle was found on the roof of the house with slight particles of human blood perceptible upon it by means of a microscope, in spite of manifest efforts to wipe it clean.

It was evidently a murder, but by whom, and why? And above all, how did he get into and out of the room?

There were two doors, one being always locked—on one side by the washstand of the neighboring room, and on the other side by the bed occupied by Miss Dunstan—and the other door connected with the hall. I examined this door. It was locked from the inside, with the key still in the lock, and bolted besides. On the doorknob, on the side next the hall, were some towels placed there by the house girl, and in such a manner that the door could not possibly be opened or shut without throwing them to the floor. On the inside a chair sat against the door, with Miss Dunstan's clothing neatly arranged upon it. It was, therefore, a certainty that no one could have either entered or left the room by this door and have left these various articles as they were found.

The only thing to be considered was the window. This was an ordinary window with secure fastenings, and was fastened down on the inside.

After studying over the matter for an hour I grew disheartened and went down and stood on the pavement, wondering how a person could have got up to the window in the first place. While standing there thinking, I saw on the pavement at my feet a tiny piece of what looked like chewing-gum, but which upon close examination I found to be putty. I then went back and made a thorough inspection of the window again and found that the pane next to the inside fastening had been removed and replaced. The skill with which it had been done and much of the fresh putty covered up was simply amazing.

The mode of ingress and egress was now learned beyond doubt. The next question to take up was, how did the murderer reach the window? Following out my investigations, I proved to my own satisfaction that the murderer had swung himself from the roof by a rope.

It would be too tedious to give in detail my work, for it took me a week. But I found where the rope had rubbed on the gutter and secured a few fibers of it. I found where it had been tied around the chimney; I found the long knitting needle where it had been placed on the edge of the chimney and forgotten; I found a piece of the strange wire in the fork of an elm tree just back of the house, and finally I found in the vault back of the tree a handkerchief of Miss Dunstan's with which he had gagged her—the saliva on it was still perceptible—and afterward caught the blood from her heart. In fact, I found all that I cared for as answering the questions "what?" and "how?" The answers to the questions "who?" and "why?" I then set myself to discover.

So far as any good that was accomplished in this direction, however, I might as well have saved myself the worry and time, for not the faintest clew or suspicion ever resulted. A thorough investigation of Miss Dunstan's life showed a spotless name and reputation both in Philadelphia and New York. She was earning fair remuneration as a copyist, and went home to Philadelphia about one Sunday out of each month. She was 23 years old, with a quiet and ladylike demeanor and rather pretty face. She received no company, and in fact seemed to have no acquaintances outside of the little boarding-house, and, as she did most of her work in her own room she scarcely knew even the men of the office where she received her remuneration. There was, therefore, not a hint which could direct one toward discovering who the fiend was.

To attempt to discover why the murder was committed was just as useless. There was absolutely no motive.

A SILVER-MOUNTED HORSE.

Minnie Breathes Through an Artificial Tracheal Tube.

The gray mare Minnie had lungs like other horses, and she uses them to breathe, too; but the air is brought to them neither through the mouth nor nostrils as in other horses, but through a silver tube in the throat.

Minnie had been very asthmatic, and with the ordinary mode of breathing, the doctor said, her death was a question of but weeks or days. To save her life, Minnie was a good, powerful and gentle mare, the owners consented that an operation be performed on her throat. Accordingly, a veterinary surgeon was called in about a year ago and made a series of incisions into the throat and tracheal tube, and Minnie at once began to breathe quite freely. But how to keep open these sluices of respiration was the next question. For although in course of time the apertures would heal and cause no pain, the danger lay in their becoming clogged by impurities of the atmosphere, as well as by the phlegm from the horse's lungs.

After an unsuccessful trial for several weeks the veterinary surgeon hit upon an idea to insert an artificial tracheal tube of silver into the horse's gaping wound. This was done and Minnie has since experienced no more inconvenience in breathing than if she had never been afflicted with asthma. The tube is a curiosity.

Two crescent-shaped tubes, scooped out like a shoe-horn, are fitted into each other in such a way that one tube passes into the upper part of the trachea, while the other hangs down into the lower part. Those parts of the instrument that are visible are the shank of the larger horn (the shank of the other being inside of this) and flat, round disks at the outer ends of the horn, snugly fitting against each other so that they look like one disk three inches in diameter, with an aperture as big as a nickle, through which the air is carried.

This instrument is taken out by the stableman twice a day and cleaned, says the Philadelphia Record. If this precaution were omitted for only a day the accumulation would be so great that Minnie would be compelled to have recourse for breathing to that supernumerary organ, her nose.

His Nine Lives Served to Save.

A kitten became lodged in the fly-wheel of an engine in Portland, Oregon. The wheel ran for six hours and a half. The cat was taken out nearly lifeless, but recovered. The fly-wheel makes 250 revolutions per minute, and every turn pussy traveled seventeen feet. The engine was in motion 390 minutes, and during that time the kitten traveled a distance of 315 miles.

SCRAPS OF FACT.

Missouri has 23,000 square miles of corn fields.

England has had 270 strikes in ten months.

The United States is reported to have 73,034 paupers in almshouses.

"Fashionable shroudmaker" is advertised on a sign board at Washington.

In a hospital for cats in Philadelphia over 18,000 tabbies were painlessly put to death last year.

"Uncle" Wash. Conch, who lives near Senoia, Ga., has four sons who are said to have been born on the same day of the month at different years.

EXCEPTIONAL LOCALITIES.

There are two observable places belonging to Asia, both lying under the same meridian, and of a small distance from each other, and yet the respective inhabitants of them in reckoning their time differ an entire day every week.

There is a certain island in the Ægean sea upon which if two children were born at the same instant, after living together for several years should both expire at the same minute the life of one would surpass, in length, that of the other by several months.

July 18, 1891, the New York meteorologists had the uncomfortable experience in Death valley of spending a day in which the maximum temperature was 120 deg., the minimum 89 deg. and the mean of all hours 108.6; while the hottest spell of all occurred from this day onward to July 24, when the minimum never fell below 88 deg. and the maximum ranged between 119 and 121 deg.

LANE'S BRAVE DEED.

Dashed Into a Crowd of Lynchers and Rescued the Doomed Man.

The heroic action of Deputy Sheriff Meredith, of Green county, Alabama, in rescuing a prisoner from mob violence and his laudation by the press, brings to mind an occurrence of the same character that has never been rivalled in the history of Alabama for coolness and intrepidity in the presence of danger, according to the Birmingham News, that was performed several years ago in Limestone county by Hector Lane.

John Bailes, a wife murderer, was arraigned before the circuit court, Judge William B. Wood presiding. A special term of court had been ordered on account of the intense excitement and exasperation of the people against this man, who had killed his young wife in the presence of her mother, by shooting her with a pistol several times, because she had refused to live with him on account of his improvidence. Colonel E. T. Taliferro was the defendant's attorney, and raised the plea of insanity.

When court adjourned the first morning pending the preliminaries of the trial, the judge was informed that a mob had been organized to hang the defendant upon adjournment of the court. The judge, appreciating the situation, and seeing that something had to be done at once to save the man's life, ordered the sheriff of the county and Dud Mingea to summon a posse to protect him. The crowd had then commenced to gather in the court-room, and showing their intentions by violent language and menace.

The sheriff having to leave the prisoner, the question arose as to who would have the hardihood to guard him. Judge Wood's eye fell upon Hector Lane, and knowing the courage that had characterized his family for years, ordered him to take charge of the prisoner and protect him with his life if necessary.

Lane stepped forward, and taking a double-barreled breech-loading gun from the hands of an officer, and a belt with cartridges loaded with buckshot, cleared the court room in about five minutes, and before the mob knew what his intentions were rushed the prisoner up into the cupola of the court-house, single-handed and alone. The sheriff not being able to reach him through the infuriated mob, he defied 2,000 men, infuriated by liquor and savage with anger, for two mortal hours. They reformed under three repeated leaderships three times and armed with all sorts of weapons. Lane stood like a Trojan, and three times did they surge back baffled and defeated by one man when they finally gave up the attack and, seemingly, dispersed with ominous threats as to what they would do in the future, and they kept their promise, but Lane was on hand, and, for the second time, rescued this man from the mob's fury.

A few days after the court adjourned a crowd estimated at 5,000 poured into the town of Athens with the avowed intention of taking the man from jail and dealing summary punishment that the law's delay had denied. The jail was soon torn open and the prisoner dragged from his cell, and the mob, wild with excitement, placed him in a one-horse cart and conveyed him one mile from town, placed a rope around his neck and over a limb of a tree. A christian man, Dr. Mac Williams, asked to be allowed to pray one prayer for the man's soul. A great many acceded the saving of his life at this time to this prayer.

Lane, sitting upon a powerful horse, was a witness to it all. All at once, as if inspired with the courage of a demon, striking his horse deep with his spurs and pistol in hand, he dashed among the maddened crowd, cut the rope from the prisoner's neck, and by the assistance of three other brave fellows who becoming inspired by his dauntless courage, threw the driver from the wagon, and Lane and these other brave fellows victoriously bore him through this seething mass of humanity and replaced him safely within the confines of the county jail.

This exploit is well known in North Alabama as being unparalleled for daring and cool determination.

PLENTY OF CULLIBILITY.

An Article of Trade in Which the Country Is Rich.

This little scheme is novel and ingenious. It is set forth in a circular letter which dwells upon the great success of the syndicate plan in furnishing "literary material" to newspapers, and intimates that "most of the syndicates obtain very large prices, none of which profit, however, goes to the writer." To remedy this evil a new syndicate has been formed for the express purpose of "giving writers a fair interest in the entire amount received from the sale of their productions." This disinterested "press bureau" still needs "the services of a few more writers," and if you wish "to avail yourself of this opportunity," you will begin by paying a "membership fee" of $10. This "entitles you to enter upon our lists, at any time during the year following, not to exceed twenty articles."

These are to be "syndicated to the newspaper press as rapidly as the demands of our business may require," and you are to get the full price received, less 20 per cent only. It is added, "for your own information," though in small capitals that "during the past year we received more than $1,000." This bare-faced attempt at cheating is in part shrewdly conceived to appeal to that large class of unsuccessful writers who believe that they lack only an "entree" to win that recognition from which they are now debarred by the exclusiveness of the "literary gang," but as a whole, it could have no hope of success except on the theory that there is an unlimited amount of gullibility in the land only waiting to be exploited.